

THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY



木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

雾

FOG

木樨颜 任雨欣 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Ren Yuxin



朱慧敏 | 主 编

巩晓迪 | 副主编



朱慧敏

河北师范大学硕士研究生，主要研究领域为英美文学、英语教育、文学翻译。已在天津外国语大学学报等期刊发表多篇论文，主持和参与多项课题，获得第十二届全球“百人百译”汉英翻译大赛一等奖等。

英翻译大赛一等奖等。

Zhu Huimin, is MA candidate at the School of Foreign Studies in Hebei Normal University. Her areas of research include British and American literature, English education and literary translation. She has published many papers in journals like Journal of Tianjin Foreign Studies University. She has presided over and participated in many projects, and has won lots of prizes, such as the first prize of the 12th “Hundred People Hundred Translation” Global Translation Competition.



巩晓迪

山东淄博人，山东政法学院英语语言文学学士，西南科技大学翻译硕士研究生。英语专业八级，CATTI三级笔译，曾获2020第二届全国高校创新英语翻译大赛三等奖、第七届中国西部翻译大赛（西部赛区）优秀奖。参编有《中国古典诗歌精选精译》，参译诗集《残忍月光》《诗之光：中国当代非主流诗人诗选》。

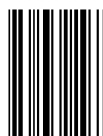
Gong Xiaodi, born in Zibo, Shandong Province, has got her bachelor's degree in English Language and Literature from Shandong University of Political Science and Law and now is studying for her Master's degree in Translation and Interpreting at Southwest University of Science and Technology. She has participated in the editing of *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and the translation of the book *Cruel Moon* as well as the book *Muse of Light: Selected Translations of Some Minor Poets of Contemporary China*.

ISBN: 979-842965398-3



19 798429 653983

50988



雾

FOG

木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓

Honorary General Editor ZHANG Zhi

General Editor LI Zhengshuan

Other Books in the Series

Daybreak, edited by FENG Chunhuan and WANG Shuyi

Green Rhythm, edited by ZHANG Lifeng

Hushed, edited by HAN Yue

Metaphor of Time, edited by LI Xiuli and ZHOU Susu

My Own Melody, edited by ZHU Huimin and JIANG Guohui

Pulsation, edited by ZHAO Yanyan and LI Ruoxi

Pupil, edited by ZHAO Yanyan and LI Ruoxi

Rainwater, edited by ZHU Huimin and YAN Li

雾

FOG

TRANSLATED BY
BRENT YAN & REN YUXIN

木樨颜 任雨欣 译

EDITED BY
ZHU HUIMIN & GONG XIAODI

主 编

朱 慧 敏

副主编

巩 晓 迪

amazon

Copyright © 2022 by Brent Yan
Translated by Brent Yan & Ren Yuxin
Edited by Zhu Huimin & Gong Xiaodi

Published by Amazon Publishing
NY, New York, U.S.A.
<http://books.amazon.com/>
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author. The only exception is by a reviewer, who may quote short excerpts in a review.

Printed in the United States of America
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
First Printing: March 10, 2022
Total Characters: 230,700

ISBN: 979-8-42965-398-3

总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, *etc.* In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuan

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们
不忘诗心。愿我们
向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨

津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can
always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

目 录

CONTENTS

i	总编略语
v	General Editor's Words
x	推荐辞（张智中）
xii	Recommendation by Zhang Zhizhong
xv	推荐辞（汪剑钊）
xvi	Recommendation by Wang Jianzhao

001	海葵 谷频
002	Actinia Gu Pin
003	安庆，安庆 012（外五首） 迪拜
004	An Qing, An Qing 012 Di Bai
005	安庆，安庆 013 迪拜
006	An Qing, An Qing 013 Di Bai
007	安庆，安庆 014 迪拜
008	An Qing, An Qing 014 Di Bai
009	安庆，安庆 015 迪拜
010	An Qing, An Qing 015 Di Bai
011	安庆，安庆 016 迪拜
012	An Qing, An Qing 016 Di Bai
013	安庆，安庆 017 迪拜
014	An Qing, An Qing 017 Di Bai
015	现在……（外二首） 邝楹
016	Now... Li Ying

- 017 暮晚 | 邝楹
- 018 Dusk | Li Ying
- 019 告诉你，我的生命是轻的 | 邝楹
- 020 My Life is Light | Li Ying
- 021 早知道 | 木樨颜
- 022 Know Better | BOY
- 023 安庆，安庆 013 | 迪拜
- 024 An Qing, An Qing 013 | Di Bai
- 025 树上月亮（外一首） | 奇角 Arche A
- 026 Moon in the Tree | Ji Jiao Arche A
- 027 我爱你 | 奇角 Arche A
- 028 I Love You | Ji Jiao Arche A
- 029 乡愁（组诗） | 史英
- 030 Nostalgia (group poems) | Shi Ying
- 031 为宿愿而笔耕之期盼 | 史英
- 032 Long-cherished Wish | Shi Ying
- 033 净化人格之主义 | 史英
- 034 Personality Purism | Shi Ying
- 035 为燭火添油而奔波 | 史英
- 036 Refueling the Torch | Shi Ying
- 037 残烛难再引路 | 史英
- 038 Dying Candle Unable to Guide | Shi Ying
- 039 峇峇族群之形成有导因 | 史英
- 040 Cause for Peranakan | Shi Ying
- 041 民族认同感已锐变 | 史英
- 042 Sharp Change of Sense in Ethnic Identity | Shi Ying
- 043 火刑（外四首） | 迪拜
- 044 Fire Punishment | Di Bai

- 045 安庆，安庆 014 | 迪拜
- 046 An Qing, An Qing 014 | Di Bai
- 047 安庆，安庆 015 | 迪拜
- 048 An Qing, An Qing 015 | Di Bai
- 049 安庆，安庆 016 | 迪拜
- 050 An Qing, An Qing 016 | Di Bai
- 051 安庆，安庆 017 | 迪拜
- 052 An Qing, An Qing 017 | Di Bai
- 053 青苔上的月光 | 陈忠
- 054 Moonlight Above the Moss | Chen Zhong
- 055 我为什么爱这个城市（外一首） | 林之云
- 056 Why Do I Love This City | Lin Zhiyun
- 057 我看到山里的清晨如此降落 | 林之云
- 058 I Saw the Mountain Morning Fell | Lin Zhiyun
- 059 红蓝两色皆偏好（外三首） | 史英
- 060 Red and Blue are All My Favorite | Shi Ying
- 061 童声 | 史英
- 062 Children's Voice | Shi Ying
- 063 温室之花不识寒滋味 | 史英
- 064 Greenhouse Flowers Know not Cold | Shi Ying
- 065 情谊难续哀叹调 | 史英
- 066 Lament for Disconnected Friendship | Shi Ying
- 067 牛和草的谈话 | 木樨颜
- 068 Talk Between the Cow and the Grass | BOY
- 069 安庆，安庆 018（外四首） | 迪拜
- 070 An Qing, An Qing 018 | Di Bai
- 071 安庆，安庆 019 | 迪拜
- 072 An Qing, An Qing 019 | Di Bai

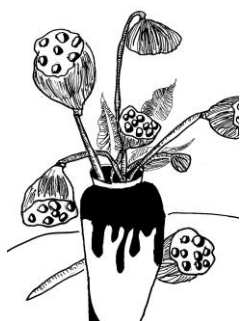
- 073 安庆，安庆 021 | 迪拜
- 074 An Qing, An Qing 021 | Di Bai
- 075 安庆，安庆 022 | 迪拜
- 076 An Qing, An Qing 022 | Di Bai
- 077 安庆，安庆 023 | 迪拜
- 078 An Qing, An Qing 023 | Di Bai
- 079 在今晚的月光下 | 林中云
- 080 Under the Moonlight of Tonight | Lin Zhiyun
- 081 雾 | 木樨颜
- 082 Fog | BOY
- 083 飞鸟（外三首） | 迪拜
- 084 Flying Birds | Di Bai
- 085 安庆，安庆 025 | 迪拜
- 086 An Qing, An Qing 025 | Di Bai
- 087 安庆，安庆 027 | 迪拜
- 088 An Qing, An Qing 027 | Di Bai
- 089 安庆，安庆 028 | 迪拜
- 090 An Qing, An Qing 028 | Di Bai
- 091 纪念币 | 木樨颜
- 092 Commemorative Coin | BOY
- 093 药镜 | 王德席
- 094 Medical Mirror | Wang Dexi
- 095 塔里木（外一首） | 迪拜
- 096 Tarim | Di Ba
- 097 准噶尔 | 迪拜
- 098 Junggar | Di Ba
- 099 命（外二首） | 左右
- 100 Fate | Zuo You

- 101 床前明月光 | 左右
102 Moonlight Before the Bed | Zuo You
- 103 秘密 | 左右
104 Secret | Zuo You
- 105 黄河 01 (外一首) | 木樨颜
106 Yellow River 01 | BOY
- 107 黄河 02 | 木樨颜
108 Yellow River 02 | BOY
- 109 致海子 | 陈润言
110 To Hai Zi | Chen Runyan
- 111 一辆开往秋天的绿皮车 | 谭凤
112 A Green Train to Autumn | Tan Feng
- 113 所谓离别 | 高仁斌
114 The So-called Departure | Gao Renbin
- 115 雨天的瞳(外两首) | 薛武
116 Pupil in the Rain | Xue Wu
- 117 看海的鸥 | 薛武
118 Seagull Observing the Sea | Xue Wu
- 119 思乡 | 薛武
120 Homesickness | Xue Wu
- 121 关于译者
122 About the Translators
- 123 编后记 Postscript

海葵

谷频

这水族博物馆更像下陷的岛屿
海葵把影子重叠在一起
一次次密谋出走，而迷恋的孩子们
在水底偶现惊慌，也许
他们的掌心都隐藏着鱼纹
海葵的每一根枝条
都是倾听的耳朵，在迅疾的潮流里
想获得摆脱一次海难的可能
那些湿润身体的不再是大海之水
在暗礁与激流的双重失记中
根茎的呼吸变得多么奢侈





Actinia

Gu Pin

This aquarium is more like a sinking islet
where the actinia overlaps their shadows
plotting every time to escape, whereas the infatuated kids
panic once in a while under the water, perhaps
in their palms are hiding the veins of a fish
Every wattle of the actinia
is a hearkening ear trying to flee
from a possible sea-peril in the turbulent wave
What can moisten the body is no more the sea water
In the double memory loss of the reefs and the riptide
the breath of the rootstalk becomes extravagant

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

安庆，安庆 012（外五首）

迪拜

你是花儿初开的时节
我占有了你的花儿初开时
露珠也最剔透
晶莹里没有半点尘埃
你的容颜是这个世界为我准备的
第一帧素描
你的声音折腾了我太多的睡眠
你的每一个表情都胜过
所有伟大艺术最动人的章节
而我悄悄地取下了
又悄悄地锁上，紧了
这是我的私藏啊，私藏
你是安庆给我的一个雕像
你是北方给我的一个雕像
一旦成影，何时消融





An Qing. An Qing 012 (and other five poems)

Di Bai

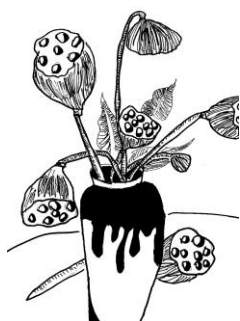
You are the season of flower-budding
on which when I seize even the dewdrop
would be so crystal-like
that the slightest dust cannot be seen in it
Your visage is the first sketch
the world has made for me
Your voice tortures so much of my sleep
Every expression of yours is more appealing
than the chapter of any greatest art
But I take them down secretly
and lock them secretly, and tightly
These are my personal treasury, mine
You are an effigy to me from Anqing
You are an effigy to me from the North
Once you are pictured, when would it fade

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期)

安庆，安庆 013

迪拜

安庆的山是知道的，那时光
安庆的水是知道的，那时光
那时光缓缓悠悠，谁能料定以后
我们的时光，都渗进石头里了
我们走过了多少次数啊
谁又会去数
如果知道了以后
当时，一定会去数的
并且，一定会很仔细地去数
把每一块石头，都记住
把每一块石头属于的安庆都记住
也把安庆的每一棵树都记住
也把安庆的每一缕水都记住
也就记住了每一寸的你啊





An Qing, An Qing 013

Di Bai

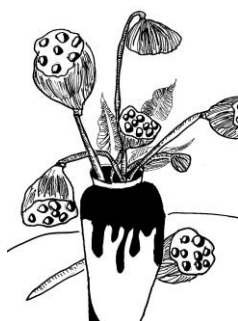
Anqing's mountains know those days
Anqing's rivers know those days
Those days leisurely passed, without our presupposing
that they would all sink into the stones from then on
How many times we have passed
and who would care to count the times
Had it been predicted
we would have counted then
and we would have counted carefully
to remember every piece of stone
every stone that belongs to Anqing
every tree, every drop of water of Anqing
and remember every inch of you as thus

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期)

安庆，安庆 014

迪拜

我还是记住了的。整个世界只有的你
记住了你的两只手
记住了你两只手的每一根手指
你的手啊，曾经拉着我
每一天
记住了你的胸口
时常，阳光灿烂的时候
我枕在你的胸口
你会轻轻地抚摸我的脸庞
那个时光，我悄悄地记住了
悄悄地沉积，静静的整理
也记住了你的嘴唇
也记住了你的眉弯
恨只恨这样的少啊，这样的不够





An Qing, An Qing 014

Di Bai

I memorized you just the same, the only you in the world
I memorized the two hands of yours
every finger of both of your hands
which always took mine
every single day
I memorized your breast
on which I would always lay
when the sun was bright and brilliant
and you would fondle my face softly
That day, I memorized in heart
and let it settle and tidy itself up quietly
I memorized your lips as well
and your eyebrows too
only to regret that it is still less and not enough

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

安庆，安庆 015

迪拜

此一刻
你是一个安庆的少年啊
你是一个北方的少年
某一日
你是一个安庆的男子啊
你是一个北方的男子
你给了我
安庆的一枚春叶
你给了我
北方的一片雪花
一枚春叶
我把安庆的天空铭记
一片雪花
再不能相忘北方的大地
春叶已萌芽
雪花已融汇
都已在我一条长长的河





An Qing, An Qing 015

Di Bai

This moment
You are a lad of An Qing
You are a lad from the north
One day
You will be a man of An Qing
You will be a man from the north
Who would give me
A spring leaf of An Qing
You give me a snowflake of the north
A leaf of spring
I would memorize the sky of An Qing
A snowflake
No longer forget the land of the north
Where the spring leaf may have sprouted
And the snowflake already melt
All in the long rive of mine

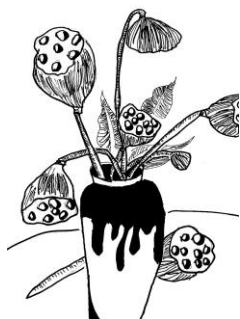
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

安庆，安庆 016

迪拜

让我做了你的兄弟啊
一把不能忘却安庆的钥匙
只嫌短暂
要用漫漫追忆来闪回
追忆我靠向了你
追忆我呼吸着你的呼吸
几瓣野花
鲜亮在你的指间

北方春末的风开始惬意
你可以远远地看那辽阔
一眼不到尽头
那里是什么，那里有什么
你坐着，呆呆地想着
想什么，自己也弄不明白
就别想着去弄明白了
风这样好
人都走出来了
草都窜出来了
野花，三俩摆好了造型





An Qing, An Qing 016

Di Bai

Oh, you have made me your brother
A key that never will forget An Qing
It's only too short a period of time
Which would be of need to reflect on slowly
When I leaned on you
When I took in your breath
Several petals of flower
Shine between your fingers

Wind in late spring in the north starts to be satisfied
You can stretch your eyesight far
To the endless end
To see what that is and what there is
You sit there, lost in thought
Without knowing what on earth you are thinking
Let it go, then, do not even try it
So good is the wind
That people are all out
That grass is all up
Even the wild flowers adopt elegant pose

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

安庆，安庆 017

迪拜

野花，香自野

我说，味道怎样，你先吃吃看
你嚼了几口
我说，我就要吃你嚼了几口的
你，让我躺下了

我要吃你口中的野香啊
我要吃你一个人的香啊

你，让我躺下了

我抛弃了整个的天空呀
我得到了更大的天空呀

野花，香自野





An Qing, An Qing 017

Di Bai

Wild flower, whose scent comes from the wild

I said, have a try, how does it taste
You chewed then
I said, I want to eat what you chewed
You, let me lie down

I want to eat the scent in your mouth
I want to eat the scent owned by you

You, let me lie down

I abandoned the whole sky
But I obtained a bigger sky

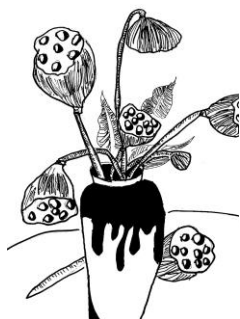
Wild flower, whose scent comes from the wild

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

现在……（外二首）

郦楹

现在阳光多好，没有一丝杂色
我的身上
我的手背上
一些公开的、微小的尖叫
展开着
我伸手，将挂在绳上的床单抓在手中
晒过的床单
带着幼树的气息
把它搭在肩上，我觉得自己
正被轻轻擦亮





Now... (and other two poems)

Li Ying

So beautiful is the sunlight now, pure and not varicolored
On my skin
And the back of my hands
Some open tiny shrieks
Are spreading
I reach out, grasping a bed sheet hanging on the line
After basking in the sun, the sheet
Puts on the air of a sapling
I hang it over my shoulder and feel myself
Struck lightly bright

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

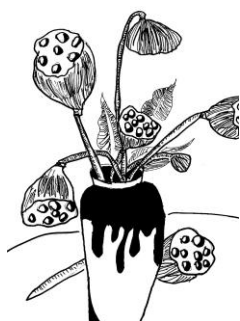
暮晚

郦楹

又是暮晚。又是万物空绝的时分
麻雀停在路沿上发呆
你停在五脏六腑的凉意里面

姐妹般的蔷薇
那些死寂。那些枯萎的枝桠
淹没灯。淹没你视线中最后的一点暖意

小心维护过的星空啊
——构成雪地，构成荒原，等另一番场景
你澄澈了的呼吸再无野性





Dusk

Li Ying

Another dusk. Another quietus period of time
The sparrow stops by the roadside, lost in thought
And you stop in the coolness of the guts

Sisterly roses. Dead silence.
Those withered twigs submerge
the street lamps and the very last touch of warm in your
eyes

O, the carefully tended sky and stars
—make up the snow-field, the wilderness, waiting for
another scene
Your clarified breath has no wildness any more

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

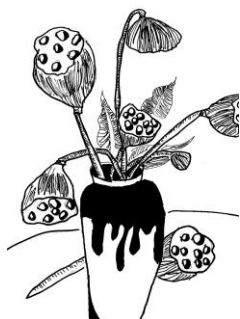
告诉你，我的生命是轻的

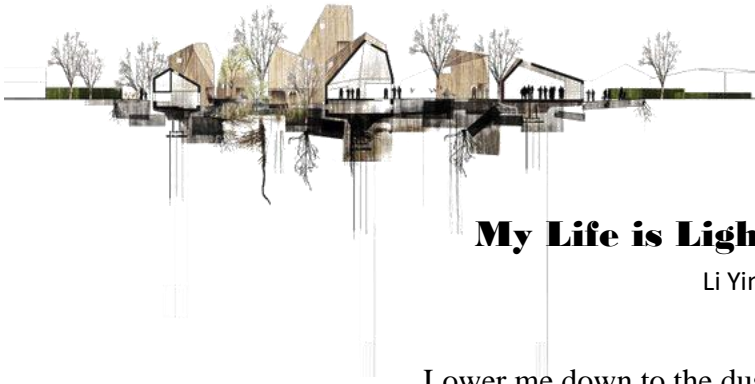
郦楹

把我降到尘埃中
匍匐大地脚下。低于正在俯身的母亲
低于耳边颤动的叮咛
低于身边的暮色
你的影子。甚至更低。我的孩子

告诉你，我的生命是轻的
跟你身边的很多事物一样，轻轻就掠过
可能是一瞬间，可能是一个拐弯
不到你哈欠连天，可能就跟不上你了

对你说一个问题，我的孩子
或者只是，这么一句话：
没有了回家的呼唤
没有了门，没有了张开的手臂
你一定不要，不要伤心





Li Ying

Lower me down to the dust
Lay me flat at the foot of earth, lower than the bending
mother
Lower than the urging that is vibrating in the ears
Lower than the dusk surrounding you
And your shadow. Even more than that, my child

My life is light
Just like many things around you, passing by gently
Maybe it is just a split second, or simply a turn
I may not keep up with you before your yawning

To tell you one thing, my child
Or just this—
If there are no call of home
No opening gate and arm
Please do not feel sad

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期)

早知道

木樨颜

早知道 就不该在四月
把九月的思念都种在地里

秋天不该只有收获
收起我送你却没有送出的
丝帕和像秋色一样的浓情
收起九月才有斑斓和苍凉
以及对下一个生机的孕育

还应该收起我对你的承诺
和你对我的不可说
收起一旦观看小 Q 电影
就决堤的泪水
以及在这个时代不再潮流的
对物与之情的讴歌

其实我早就知道
早就知道我不该在四月
把九月的思念都种在地里

如果我还期待着什么收获
那就等到下一年
下一个生命轮回吧
还是那棵梧桐树那个





Know Better

BOY

I know better than to sow the yarning
Of September in the soil in early April

Autumn should get in more than a harvest
It should get in the handkerchief I attempted
To send you and my passion concentrated like the autumn
It should get in the splendor and bleakness of September
And also the conception that leads to another life force

And there is my promise to you too
And all that you are unwilling to tell me
Then the tears which would trickle down
Once you watch the Quill kind of movie
And the praise for the brotherly feeling to one another
Which in this era is no more in vogue

I know better as a matter of fact
Than to sow the yarning of September
In the soil in the early April

If there is something that I still am expecting to harvest
It should be in the next year
And in the next reincarnation
Where I would still be the phoenix tree and me

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第76期)

安庆，安庆 013

迪拜

他来自六安，从六安的农村
我来自安庆，从安庆的一个小县城
他从大别山的那一面
转到了这一面
我从大别山的山脚
爬到了山坡上
一起，接受同样的阳光

这阳光的照耀
过去，并不觉得异样
现在，一天天都不一样了

他，给了我另外的阳光
从对于他的抗拒开始
现在的他，我已经全部收下一边，不自觉地查看

他的身影，我的时间





An Qing, An Qing 013

Di Bai

He is from Liu'an, a village in Liu'an
I am from Anqing, a small county of Anqing
He traveled a long way from the other side
Of Mount. Dabie to this side
I climbed from the foot of the Mount
To the slope of the mountain
Together, we bathed in the same sunlight

The shining of the sun
In the past is just ordinary
While now it is changing day after day

He, since my resistance to him
Has been giving me different sunlight
I have accepted all, all the present him
And meanwhile cannot help but check on

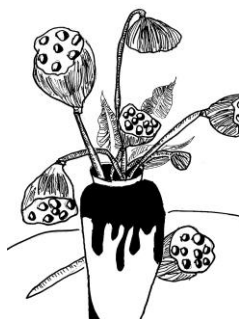
His silhouette, my time

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

树上月亮（外一首）

奇角 Arche A

我是你门前的一棵树
秋天的时候，留下一只秋天的鸟
让这树上有一片会飞的叶子
我是你门前的一棵桂花树
安静的夜里，开一朵月亮花
让她慢慢地沉入你那湖一样的梦里
我是住在你门前的一棵树
风来的时候，在说一个彩色的故事
风走的时候，在想一片白色的云
云里我也是一棵树
在无垠的大地上
留住一朵白云的根





Moon in the Tree (and another poem)

Ji Jiao Arche A

I am a tree at your doorstep
When in winter a bird lingers
I have all over me leaves that can fly
I am a laurel at your doorstep
When the night falls the moon blooms like a flower
Immersing you slowly into the dream-like lake of yours
I am a tree living at your doorstep
When the wind comes, I would tell a colorful story
When the wind comes, I would miss a white cloud
In which I would also be a tree
On a boundless and limitless land
Holding fast to the root of the cloud

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

我爱你

奇角 Arche A

天空把云朵给了湖水
湖水把蓝色的目光给了天空
湖边白色的水草花
从风浅浅的酒窝
漂进了天空蓝色的心中

无垠的大地把河流给了大海
大海从远方归来
带给大地一粒沙土
它在海螺的耳朵留下一些风的语言
还有让海水腌过的咸咸的时间





I Love You

Ji Jiao Arche A

To the lake the sky gives a cloud
To the sky the lake gives blue eyes
The white flowers of the water plants by the lake
Drift from the small dimple of wind
Into the blue heart of the sky

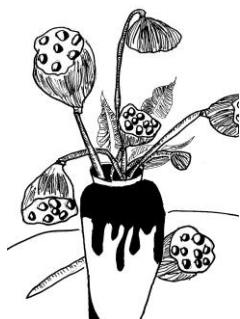
To the sea the boundless land gives river
The sea brings after returning from afar
To the land a grain of sand
Which leaves in the conch's ear some words of the wind
And the salty time salted by seawater

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

乡愁（组诗）

史英

曾因故旅居万里程外他国
短暂岁月后
乡愁便悄然暗生
似丝千百缕
把我魂牵引回到遥远狮城——
那是我
诞生、成长的故土
每当一想起
眷恋之情顿起伏如潮
屡次拍响心之岸





Nostalgia (group poems)

Shi Ying

A sojourn in another country far away from home
Gives rise to a secret nostalgic longing
Only after a short period of time passed
The nostalgia is just like the silk of thousand threads
Pulling my heart and soul back to the distant Lion city
Which is my homeland
Where I was born and raised
Every time when I think of this
The nostalgic yearning would surge
And lap the bank of my heart again and again

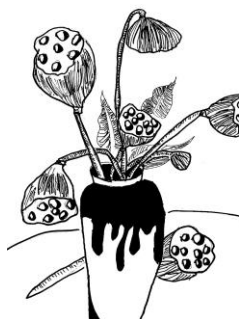
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

为宿愿而笔耕之期盼

史英

学历未曾攀上峰之巅
仅及半山腰
不气馁
以高尔基、沈从文
为榜样——
锦旗般耀眼
我奋战在文学征途上
盼来日登上
一览众山小高处观景

为竖起人格上里程碑
一步一脚印
接力走
以包青天的无私
为模型——
金光隐闪现
我奋战在文学征途上
盼来日塑造
水晶般一尘不染亮丽





Long-cherished Wish

Shi Ying

My diploma is not so high
Just halfway up a mountain
I am not discouraged though
With Gorkii and Shen Congwen
As my models
Who shine like banners
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the peak where I can overlook all

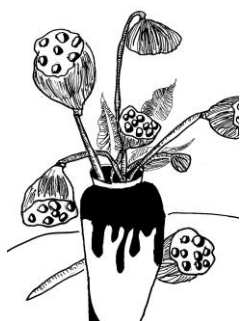
To reach the milestone of my integrity
I take steady steps each time
Nothing daunted
The selflessness of Justice Bao
Sets for me another example
Who gives off golden light
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the bright spotless crystal future

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

净化人格之主义

史英

具净化要素一种主义
似彩虹
曾闪现在我心头
阴霾袭至时
被遮盖
从此便不再显现
留在我灵魂深处印痕
抹不去
至今数十载
依然起催化效应——
拒色诱
也不贪钱财
我的人格因而保高洁
晶体般亮透





Personality Purism

Shi Ying

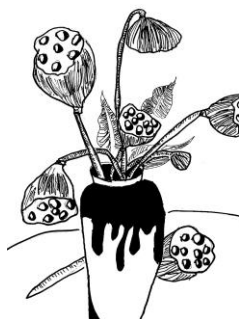
The thought to possess purism
Once flashed through my mind
Like a rainbow
Which was hidden
When a haze rose
And never appeared again
The mark left deep in my soul
Cannot be erased
Its catalysis still work—
Making me immune to seduction
And the greed for money
Thus my personality is kept lofty
And as clear as crystal

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

为燭火添油而奔波

史英

来回奔波于医学、文学领域
耗尽大半生精力
从未遇
有亮着的灯照明
阴暗里
常误踩荆棘
为夺标
忍痛一步一脚印而行
终在万千病黎中
赢火热诚信
终窜红国际文坛
获含香薄名
我不因此得意忘了形
只觉能为华族文化之燭火
迭添油
似蜂酿出蜜
不渎职
觉心情如沐春风那样清爽





Refueling the Torch

Shi Ying

Earning a living in the field of medicine and literature
Consuming energy for most of my life
I never ran into
A light kept on illuminating
In the darkness
Which making me often step on the briar
For my destination
I went on suffering the pain at each step
And finally gained
In the midst of diseases
A popularity and reputation
That make me noted in the literary arena
Even so I will not be heady with success
I just deem it my duty
To refuel the torch of Chinese culture
And not to fail it
Which would be like the bee making honey
By so doing I feel like I'm in the spring breeze

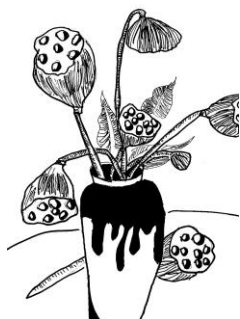
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

残烛难再引路

——向曾是战友同道中人道出衷心话

史英

青春狂燃成灰烬
生命宛若烛
渐残损
老来焰弱濒临灭
难在夜征途
再引路
欲求延烧得加罩
避风霜
不宜迎雨图逞威





Dying Candle Unable to Guide
—Heartfelt Speech to My Old Comrades-in-Arms

Shi Ying

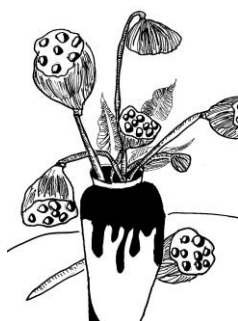
Youth has been burnt down to ashes
Life is just like a candle
Burning away gradually
Whose flame is about to be out
Harder to beacon at night
And lead the way
A shield is needed to keep it
From the wind and frost
Barging in the rain is no more fitting

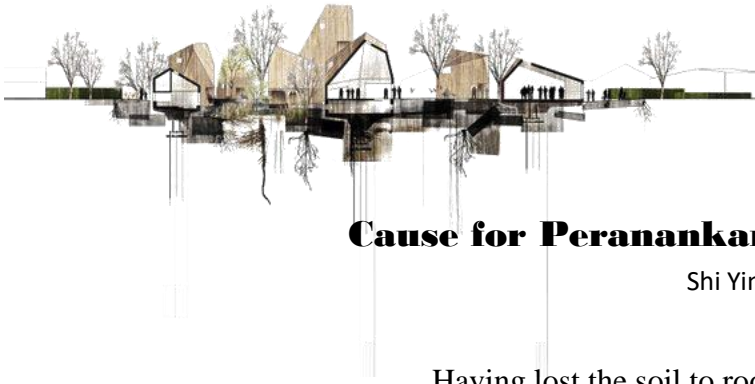
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

峇峇族群之形成有导因

史英

失去扎根之沃土
纯洋化华裔
似浮萍
在水中随风飘摇
虽相距咫尺
闻不到泥的气息
求存于狮城
如是族群密如林
不再与
神州的远祖认同





Cause for Peranankan

Shi Ying

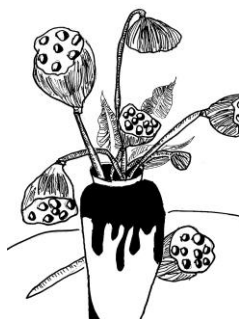
Having lost the soil to root
The foreignized Chinese
Is just like the duckweed
Drifting in the wind on the water
Though it is a small distance
No smell of the dirt can reach
The Lion city where they survive
Hence the numerous groups
Acknowledge no more their identity
As the offspring from the far Chinese ancestors

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

民族认同感已锐变

史英

以英语作为心灵沟通媒介
海外的华裔
从年幼直到成年
思维纯然西化的结果
民族认同已变质
本当视华文
为扎根之沃土那意念
从心头
稀烟般飘散——
若是将他们的心
均喻系铁片
神州不再具滋场效应





Sharp Change of Sense in Ethnic Identity

Shi Ying

With English as the media of communication
The overseas Chinese
Has got their mind westernized
From childhood to adulthood
Changing gradually their sense of ethnic identity
Which should be considered
As the original soil to root
This thought, however
Is dispersing like the fog
If their heart is likened
To a metallic piece
China would no more be the magnetic field

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

火刑（外四首）

迪拜

多少年代以前，地心说，是皇帝和贵族的需要
而现在，地心说，难道不是人民的要求





Fire Punishment (and another four poems)

Di Bai

Eras ago, the Earth Core said, it was the Emperor and the
Nobles' need. But now
Is it not the need of the people, asked the Earth Core

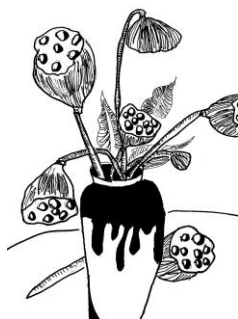
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

安庆，安庆 014

迪拜

几天后，一个太阳出奇好的日子
课间，他示意我跟他一起出了教室
什么话都没有，互相看看
他欲言又止，我也是似乎想说
却含在嘴里，没有发出来
我们互相看着，也看着好的太阳
他对我笑了笑，我也是一笑
他摸了摸我的脸，我的头发
一瞬间，我希望时间能长一点
太阳真的很好，课间却要结束了

更多的时候，我们就是待在一起
看着，看着别的东西，看着
他，和我，看着天空，看着光芒
我们不想说更多的话，也许
根本用不着说更多的话，也许
仅仅就是看着，看着他，和我
看着天空，看着光芒，已经足够
他会笑一笑，我也会笑一笑
或者，我会向他靠近一些
让他摸一摸我的脸，我的头发





Anqing, Anqing 014

Di Bai

Several days later on a good sunny day
He nodded to me at an interval and I followed out
We looked at each other, not saying a word
He moved his lips and paused when I seemed
To be full of words in mouth without speaking
We looked at each other, and the nice sun too
Then he smiled to me and I too to him
He touched my face, my hair
All of a sudden, I wished it could last longer
Really nice and good sun. But the interval was to end

More often than that, we would be together
Watching, watching something, or watching
Him and me. Also the sky, the sunbeams
We did not want to say more, perhaps we did not
Need at all the wordy talking. Perhaps just
Watching or watching him and me, the sky
and the sunbeams were good enough
He would smile and I too
Or I would get closer to him
To let him touch my face, my hair.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

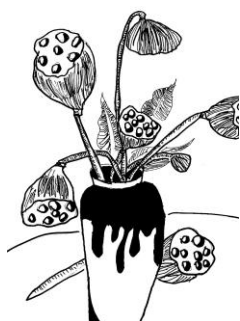
安庆，安庆 015

迪拜

看着，听着，想着
有事没事地看，有事没事地想
安静的时候，想着
喧闹的时候，想着
闲暇的时候，想着
忙碌的时候，想着
对着月亮，想着
对着太阳，想着
每一个时候啊，我也期盼着
期盼着，只要是他的光芒

在教室外，他已要求我和他在一起
靠近在他的身边，一起接受阳光
他，比我高不少，比我的瘦更标准

我喜欢他的手指，他的所有动作
也喜欢他的喉结，那光芒下的诱惑
喜欢拉起他的手，呼吸他的掌心
也偶尔会在周围几乎没人的时候
压着心跳，快速地吻一下他的喉结





Anqing, Anqing 015

Di Bai

Watching, listening, thinking
Watch when there was even nothing to watch
Think when there was even nothing to think about
Think when it was quiet
Think when it was noisy
Think when it was unoccupied
Think when it was bustling
Think looking at the moon
Think looking at the sun
I would be expecting, at every single moment
Expecting, so long as it was his light

He'd asked me to be with him even outside the classroom
To be by his side, bathing together in the sunlight
He was much taller than me, with his standard lean figure
I liked his fingers and every acts of his
I liked his Adam's apple which lured me in the light
I liked to take his hand and breathe into his palm
And when there was no one around I would kiss
His apple quickly with the throbbing of my heart

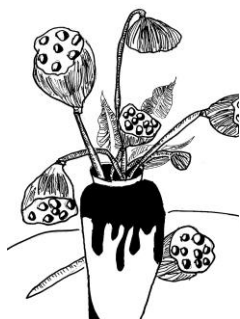
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

安庆，安庆 016

迪拜

到了高中，须周日自习到上午
周日下午是仅有的一点时间
回家吃过午饭，我们可以出来
城郊有一片树林，离学校倒不远
树林很高，很密，隔开了喧闹
我们走快点，很快就能进去
走进去，再进得深一点，就是自由
他的自由，也是我的自由
走得够深的话，前面是一个平坡
很宽，带点角度，然后是河
我们的自由，就是在林子里
就是在那坡上，周围有零星小花

他喜欢在林子里，我也喜欢
林子里能遮太阳，有圈圈光影
尤其是光影散在脸上，身上
那是一个绚丽的时候，也是
朦朦的时候，在视线的直视之外
也是很少的让他寻找的瞬间
这圈圈光影的少许片刻，也许
更增加了我和他相拥有的渴望





Anqing, Anqing 016

Di Bai

In high school, we were asked to study till noon
The afternoon of Sunday became what we spared
After lunch at home, we could go out to where
There was a grove which was not far from school
The trees were tall and dense to shun the noises
If we could be hurry, we'd dive into the woods
Deeper and deeper, we could be free
His freedom was also mine
If we dived deep enough to where there was a wide
Slight slope and a river
The freedom of ours was to be in the woods
And on the slope, which were dotted with flowers

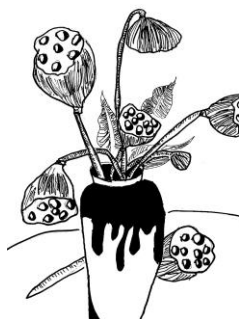
He liked to be in the woods, so was I
The woods kept the burning sunlight out. There
Were also skipping shadow of the leaves, especially
When they were on our face and our clothes
It became a moment of multicolor and
A moment of vagueness. Apart from the eye-contacts
That was moment he tried to seek and seize
And the moment of skipping shadow enhanced
To some extent our yearning for each other

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

安庆，安庆 017

迪拜

林子和坡的交界处，也是我们
爱去的地方，有阳光，能看见
不远处的河，那么横穿而过
况且，对岸的人看不清这儿
对岸，是城郊，是乡下的气息
对岸，首先就是大片的农田
很宽很宽，长的没有尽头
入春，就不是一般的诱人
油菜花开了，杂在农田里
杂在农田周围，是最好的背景
农房非常远，刚好做了小点缀





Anqing, Anqing 017

Di Bai

The border between the woods and the slope
Was also a place where we liked haunting. Shiny
We could see the river afar crossing past
Besides, people opposite the bank couldn't see clearly
The other bank beyond was the suburbs with country
smell
The other bank beyond stretched patches of farmland
Which were wide and long without the end
When the spring came, the temptation!
The rape flowers bloomed, scattered in the farmland
Or around, making it the best scenery
With the farmhouse afar to embellish

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

青苔上的月光

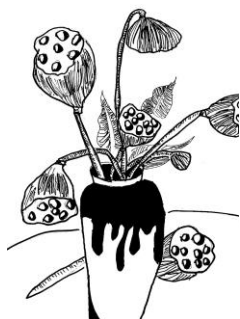
陈忠

他打坐
在青苔的月光里，一些倒退的光阴
缭绕着
一卷摊开的经书
在你和他
之间
就像一扇虚掩的门

他内心溢满了清辉，你眼里的木鱼
已游出了夜里的水

在一柱清香里，他身后的山坡上已落英纷纷
你车马乱飞的心
浮华着红尘

鳊在月光里的青苔，开始慢慢升起
何处求心
云过溪涧润竹林
意如流水
无痕





Moonlight Above the Moss

Chen Zhong

He sits meditating
In the moonlight above the moss. Wafting
Over an opened sutra
Is some back-flowing time
And tide between
you and him
Appearing to be door on the latch

His heart is brimming over with the bright light
And the wooden fish has swum out of the water of night

A stick of incense burnt, the slope behind him is carpeted
With profuse colors and flowers. Your bustling
And teeming heart still throbs with the flashy world

The moss, swimming in the moonshine, starts to rise
Where to appeal for the pilgrim soul?
The clouds slide past the creeks, moistening the bamboos
Like a flowing stream
Without any trace

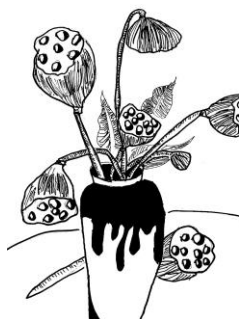
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

我为什么爱这个城市（外一首）

林之云

尘土、无序、保守，几乎没有春天
缺乏个性的建筑，比比皆是
我在一个日渐破旧的楼里，日出而作
日落不息，我编出的报纸
就像一叠又一叠大片的落叶
落尽每一个日子，昨天是今天的灰烬

我对这城市的热爱，源于十年前一个下午
黄昏六点，我的女儿在省立医院出生
一声啼哭，终结了我青春的身份
一个小女孩，初次来到她的故乡
从那天起，我决定认真做一个诗人
既不富裕，也不贫穷，保持好足够的爱心





Why Do I Love This City (and another two poems)

Lin Zhiyun

Dusty,disordered, demoded, almost devoid of spring
And individuality—buildings of this kind are everywhere
I live here in a dilapidating building, rising with the sun
And not ceasing at sunset. The newspapers I am editing
Are coming out like big falling leaves stack after stack
Each day falling away to make yesterday dust of today

My love for the city started from one afternoon ten years
ago, when my daughter was born at 6 PM in the
Provincial Hospital
With that cry, my youthhood was terminated
And a little girl came into her hometown for the first time
From then on, I decided to be a serious poet
Neither rich nor poor, with enough love to retain

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

我看到山里的清晨如此降落

林之云

蝙蝠用翅膀运走黑暗
另外一些鸟则衔来黎明

睡眠的屋子打开天窗
清晨降落
打开精致的薄纱
一个山乡女子
把院落的灰尘扫尽昨天

远处传来轻微的声响
跳动在溪边的石头和篱笆间

我将记住这样的时刻
鸟鸣从高处落下
滴落成细小的果实
这样的清晨和潮水
在初夏的河道里
一波一波送走南方的夜晚





I Saw the Mountain Morning Fell

Lin Zhiyun

With their wings the bats carried away the darkness
While other birds bring the morning holding in the beak

The dormer to the bedroom is unclosed
And the morning falls
A country woman opens
The delicate white gauze
And the dust in the corners is swept back to yesterday

A faint sound carries from afar
Hopping on the stones by the creek and the fence

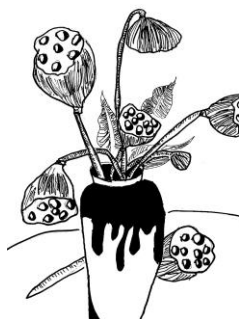
A moment like this is what I would commit to memory
The bird song falls from a height
Dripping into small fruit
A morning and tide like this
Send off the southern nights wave by wave
In the watercourse of early summer

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

红蓝两色皆偏好（外三首）

史英

具有烈焰的热能
曾点燃
理想中爝火
我因之而迷恋红色
从满头青丝
直到霜染鬓际白
火样的赤诚
未冷却
从来就偏好蓝色
那碧水般柔
似一道过犹无形的堤
筑在心坎上
不因冷如霜现实
一刮风
而掀起巨浪
心境如湖只微漾
红与蓝水乳般交融
形成了
一连串铿锵音符
在我生命中
奏起和谐的旋律
为晚年岁月
添美韵
成驱寂寞催化剂





**Red and Blue are All My Favorite
(and another three poems)**

Shi Ying

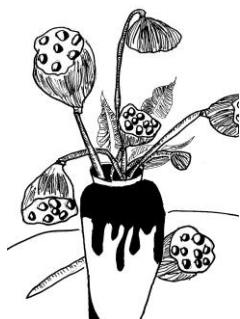
The fire-like energy once
Set the torch of my ideal
On fire, for which reason
I am attached to the color of red
From my youth with black hair
To the time I am grey with age
The fire-like sincerity
Never gets cold
Also I like the color of blue
Which is as tender as the green water
Built on my heart
Like an invisible dike
Never surges a giant wave
From the wind
For the chilly reality
My heart ripples like a lake
Where blue and red mingles
To make
A series of sonorous notes
In my life
This harmonious tune is played
For my senior days
And becomes a melody
And a way to dispel the loneliness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

童声

史英

从数千里外传来童声
发自四龄孙口中
似甘露
滴落在心坎分外清甜
说得上
系奏响音乐一串旋律
听起来
如珠般圆亮又轻盈





Children's Voice

Shi Ying

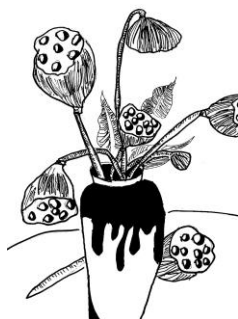
The voice of a child
Carries thousands of miles to me
A four-year-old grandson's voice
Drips like the dew
On my heart, fresh and cool
It sounds even like
A melody from a song
And as clear and crisp as a crystal

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

温室之花不识寒滋味

史英

老视纸上知识为美酒
常品尝
藉以自娱而陶醉
人间疾苦从不曾面对
自不知药涩滋味
如是的书生
纵然才智闪毫芒
亮丽胜过珠
置夜里
却乏街灯引路的光亮





Greenhouse Flowers Know not Cold

Shi Ying

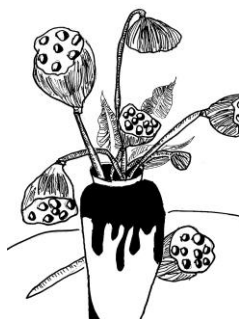
If knowledge is acquired only through book
And savored like tasty wine
If self-entertainment and intoxication is reached
Without knowing anything about the worldly sufferings
And even the bitter taste of medicine
A pedant bookworm like this
Would be brighter than a street lamp
Even though he is endowed
With wits and wisdom
Which shine brightly
In the dark night

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

情谊难续哀叹调

史英

年轻时友情浓稠如墨
生活酿风霜
吹袭下
老来终淡化成水
昔相聚火热的交谈
不复有
偶遇竟擦肩而过
只挥手表意
谊似断了线风筝
飘飞而去难望见影踪





Lament for Disconnected Friendship

Shi Ying

When young, friendship is ink-thick
With the wind and frost of life
Getting bitter and bitter
It finally becomes bland like water
The once heated discussions in gatherings
Are no longer
We would even brush past each other
With only a wave of the hand
The friendship resembles a broken-lined
Kite flowing away and vanishing

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

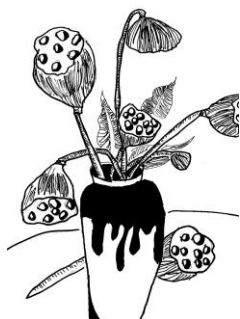
牛和草的谈话

木樨颜

不能做还不能想么
不能想还不能梦么
你的胆子在想上
我的胆子在梦里
其实都是蓄积已久的火山
胸膛里其实都是滚烫的

只需一个契机或者
哪怕是一次遥远地震的余波
你的想也许更大胆
我的梦也逊色不了许多
一个是寂静的内心独白
一个是脱缰的灵魂叙说
在这喑哑了真实的虚假里
我需要周公，你需要弗洛伊德

别只打开我的思想的闸门
别只放开我的灵魂的绳索
即便是大雪冰封了整个天国
请让我发声，让我能有一次赤裸
让我活得洒脱，而不是偏僻的寂寞





Talk Between the Cow and the Grass

BOY

Couldn't I just think if I am not allowed to do
Couldn't I just dream if I am not permitted to think
 You guts are all about thinking
 While mine are about dreaming
Which actually are the dormant but poised volcanoes
 Inside which are burning and boiling
 What is needed is no more than a chance
 Or an aftershock from a remote earthquake

 Your thinking is probably more daring
My dream, however, is also bold beyond comparing
 Yours is a silent monologue inside
And mine a murmuring by a runaway soul
 In this fake reality that has been hushed
 I need a dream-reader and you a Freud

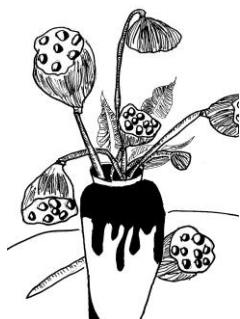
 Don't just open the water gate to my mind
 Don't just loosen the rope around my soul
Please let me speak, give me a chance to be naked
 Even in this heaven sealed by snow storm
 I'd be free and easy instead of being lonesome

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

安庆，安庆 018（外四首）

迪拜

那一个午后的太阳特别好
我们是带了一瓶凉开水的
坐在林子和坡的交界处
还是有点热，他喝了几口
递给我，我又还给了他
——你给我。
他稍稍愣了一下
看着我，又回头看了一眼
摸了摸我的下巴
扶着我的肩头让我顺坡躺下
我把他两腿分开围住我
他顺从着，紧了紧我
认真地看我，认真地
含了一口，交给我的嘴唇
第一口。第二口。
……，也终于，是他的了





Anqing, Anqing 018 (and other four poems)

Di Bai

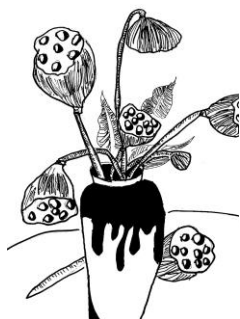
It was a sunny afternoon
We brought a bottle of boiled water
and seated ourselves bordering on the woods
The water was still hot. He took a few sips
and give the bottle to me before I gave it back
—Give it to me
Upon my words, he was startled a little bit
Glancing at me before another glance
He touched my chin and let me lie down
On the slope with his hands on my shoulder
I separated his legs to encircle me
He followed and tightened
Looking at me carefully and took a careful
Sip to pass it to my lips
One time after another
...and finally, we were one

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期)

安庆，安庆 019

迪拜

他不是孤儿，却又和一个孤儿差不多
爷爷辈在六安乡下，年幼，父亲去世
不几年，母亲改嫁去了别的地方
作为家里唯一儿子的唯一孙子，被留在
老家，稍大，被嫁到六安城里的大姑妈
接到家里上学。使得他显得多少叛逆
我常想，六安，和安庆应该没什么两样
我没有去过，但我因为他而充分想象
是大别山的南北，我这样想，依据着他
再北，是淮河，依据着他，我又勾勒着
心中的淮河，那样一条河流，究竟是
怎样的风景，究竟有着怎样独到的情致
或是如他一般，如他一般的影影绰绰
或者，他，就是淮河，就是淮河的所有
而淮河，就是他，就是如他一般的所有





Anqing, Anqing 019

Di Bai

He's not an orphan, but just about one whose ancestors
Lived in the countryside of Lu'an and who when small
Had lost his father before his mother left and remarried
As the only grandson to the only son of the family, he was
Raised in his hometown and taken to school by his aunt
who got married in town, making him sort of rebellious.
Upon this I'd usually think Lu'an may have no difference
with Anqing. I never have been to Lu'an
But for this reason the wing of my imagination flaps
It'd be in Ta-pieh Mountains, I'd fancy like this.
And father north, it'd be Huaihe River
It'd be Huaihe River, which I'd picture it my heart
A river which possesses good scenery and unique appeal
Like him, or seems like him with an indistinct figure
Or he is exactly the Huaihe River, all that the river has
And the Huaihe River is just him and everything like him

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期)

安庆，安庆 021

迪拜

我第一次为他洗了脚。也是我第一次为别人洗脚。我们并没有掩人耳目，可能老人并没有多想笑呵呵地稍稍看了一会儿，大概更多的是欣慰我们的亲密无间为他脱了鞋子，脱了袜子，把他的脚泡在乡下灶间烧的烫烫的温水里，轻轻地抚摸着他的脚背却也是我第一次仔细地看他的脚修长，脚趾笔直，骨节突显特别性感的脚，脚踝到小腿下部有一些汗毛，脚趾甲的半月白斑比例很高，说明了他的健康我在他的脚心挠了挠，向他看去他在我的喉结那儿，轻轻摸了摸





Anqing, Anqing 021

Di Bai

For the first time I washed his feet. It was also
my first time to do it for another person. We did
it in public when the elder watched us for a while
smilingly without a second thought. Perhaps it'd
be more gratified to see us so intimate and close

I put off his shoes, socks and immersed his feet
in the water heated in the wok of country kitchen.

Then I fondled his feet, watched them carefully
for the first time. That was a pair of long feet
with perfectly straight toes and jutting joints

Very sexy feet. The lower part of the lower legs
were covered with some hairs, and the lunula
of the toenails was in a high proportion, showing

his good health. I looked at him and scratched
the sole of his feet. Then he touched my Adam's
apple gently for a while.

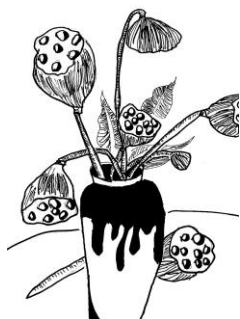
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

安庆，安庆 022

迪拜

这一夜，月光尤其的好，星星也多
我们在农田边上不少时光
空气从来没有过的新鲜
可以认真而清晰地听一听他的脚步
可以静心地再听一听他脚步的欢悦
虽短的时光，我的脚步可以嵌着他的脚步
岂不更好。是啊，更好

而我也终于得到了成功
成功地睡在一个我如此欢喜的男孩身边
一个晚上，清醒的时候，我只是搂着他
细细地感受他的心跳，感受他背部的坚实
更想抓住机会，感受他特别的男性体味
有天空的色彩，有大地的淳厚，有乡村
绵绵不绝的泥土香，也不缺都市的光洁
他的头发呀，夜色中，竟能够这样鲜亮
他的耳廓，散发的，也不输于缕缕花香
在这样的一个夜晚，都赐予我细细地看了
他的怀想，都给予我在这静静的夜色里





Anqing, Anqing 022

Di Bai

The moonlight of the night is extremely good
and the stars too. We spent quite a while in the field

Never has the air been so fresh
I could listen carefully and clearly to his footsteps
I could listen quietly to the happiness of the steps
Short as the time may be, I could follow him
Would not it be better? Yes, it is better!

And I finally achieved a success
in winning a boy I love so much sleeping by my side
for a whole night, during which when I was awake
I just hugged him, feeling his heartbeats and the firm
back of his. I managed to hold the chance to smell
the special male odor of his body in which I sensed
the color of sky, the broadness of earth, the constant
soil scent of the rural area, even the cleanness of city
Despite the blackness of the night, his hair could be
so shiny. What gave out from his auricle was fragrant
In just a night like this, I examined all about him closely
What he thought was bestowed on me in the quiet night

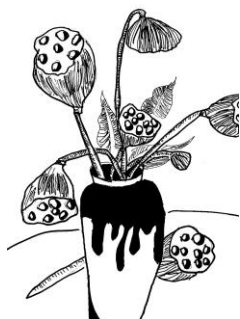
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

安庆，安庆 023

迪拜

他的家乡，在六安北面，邻接阜阳和淮南
山地特色浓厚，高高的树木，高高直直的
北方的山水之貌，径直显露
农田也更接近于北方
地燥，整齐划一，看起来排场较大
老家是大开间，顶较高的平房
四下里围着，类似北京四合院
前后有庭院，前后、左右隔开都另有人家
多年已陈旧，但不失为一派怡然自得的景象

他几乎是老家的希望，在土里刨食的
上一辈人，就盼望着他能有点出息了
他身上的诸多优点，聚拢了大家的爱
寄托了不少对未来的向往，都希望
有一天因为他的出息，到了大城市
能走一点方便之门，收获一点荣光
他确实学习优秀，各方面都在前列
打小的环境与经历，使他懂得很多
知道未来应该走一条怎样的人生之路
唯一不曾规划的，就是与我的那一刻





Anqing, Anqing 023

Di Bai

His hometown locates on the north side of Lu'an
bordering Fuyang and Huainan city. Quite mountainous
area, tall trees, very tall and straight, typical of the north
with the farmland resembling much the north land
which is very dry, tidy and looks grand in style

His old home is rather open, a bungalow with tall roof
Four directions surrounded, making it a Peking quadrangle
Courtyards in front and at the back. Neighbors all around
Old fashioned, it is still a placid place to enjoy the life

He, being almost the only hope of his native land, was
highly expected to fulfill the promise from his grandfather

His merits invited love and affection from everyone
who reposed in him much of their longing to the future
who wanted to open the convenient door to big city
once he lived up to his promise, perhaps with some glory
He was indeed excellent at studying, always top of the class
The environment and experience since his birth made him
aware of a lot and what kind of road he was going to take
He didn't plan, though, that I would be with him.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

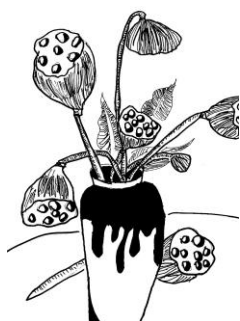
在今晚的月光下

林之云

今天是一个古老的日子
今夜的天空长满雪白雪白的胡须
今晚只有李白和苏轼们
在看不见的高处唱歌
他们杯中的酒 溢出来
打湿流浪者的眼睛

轻手轻脚的月光
今晚步履沉重
在故乡的屋顶行走
母亲从梦里起身 念叨着
把一件御寒的秋衣
披在我遥远的心上

窗外
到处是月光洁白的羽毛
今晚，所有的河流
都朝家的方向淌去
无数的乡愁
都堵塞在去月亮的路上





Under the Moonlight of Tonight

Lin Zhiyun

Today is an ancient day
Tonight snow-white beard comes out from the sky
when in the evening there'd be only Li Bai and Su Shi
singing at a high place not visible to man
Their wine flows over the cup
moistening the eyes of the itinerants

The usually light moonshine
walks heavily tonight
on the roof of childhood home
Mama is getting up from dream, muttering
and throwing a coat over my distant heart
to keep me warm

Outside the window
are the white feathers of the moon
All the rivers of tonight
are flowing in the direction of home
and countless trains of nostalgia
jam up the road to the moon

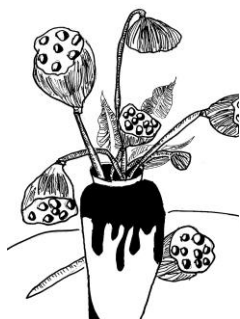
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

雾

木樨颜

我隐身到雾色中去
谁也看不到我，包括我自己
我茫茫的眼神无人触碰
没有人搭手扶起我摔倒的心

呼吸变得越发急促 逼仄
所有的人都抬起头来叫嚣着
狠狠地咒骂着那曾经瓦瓦的蓝
太阳迷失了，在你我吐出的
霾中。这一盆仍然鲜活的绿
再也不敢嘲笑济南的冬天





Fog

BOY

I conceal myself in the mantle of fog
No one, including me, could even find me
My misty and blurry eyes meet nothing
My heart stumbles and no one cares to help

Harder and shorter becomes the breath
All of them raise their heads into a hue and cry
Cursing cruelly at the once shining blue azure
The sun has gone stray, in the smog exhaled
Together by yous and mes. The still fresh green
Hence dare not deride the winter of Jinan

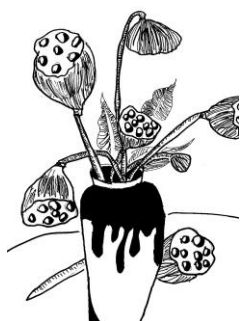
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 81 期)

飞鸟（外三首）

迪拜

鸟儿在飞翔
你却不知道鸟儿飞翔的方向

不知道鸟儿飞翔的方向
但你知道，鸟儿在飞翔





Flying Birds (and other three poem)

Di Bai

The birds are flying
Yet you don't know to where they fly

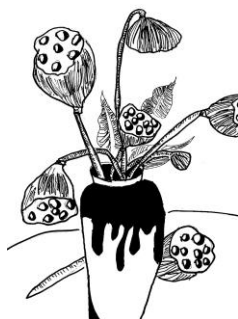
You don't know to where the birds fly
You do know, however, they are flying

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 81 期)

安庆，安庆 025

迪拜

离别，总是不舍的。离别，总又带着希望
深夜时，我试探地对他说，能不能暑假时
我再陪他回来多过几天，他没犹豫就说行
第二日的阳光格外好，第二日的风又清新
他告诉爷爷奶奶，暑假里和我一起再回来
老人乐得直说好，眼睛里泛出隐隐泪光
我再看了看这广袤的土地，我再看了看
这起伏的连绵，这是给了我更欢乐的土地
这是他的故乡啊，而他，是我欢乐的畅想





Anqing, Anqing 025

Di Bai

Always hard to make a departure. But hope go with it
Deep in the night, I asked him tentatively, can I go back
With him for a few days in the coming summer vacation

He said yes directly. Bright sun and fresh breeze
In the following day he told his grandparents I'd be back
With him in the vacation, delighting them with moist eyes

I looked at the vast land again, the rolling continuity
The land that gave me more joy. This is his hometown
And he, became my happiest imagination without rein

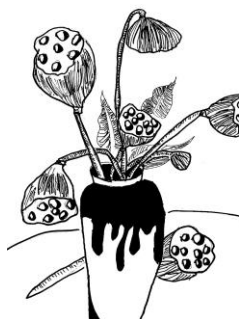
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 81 期)

安庆，安庆 027

迪拜

这春啊，这六安春天啊
他是这春天里最炫的色彩
他来了，春天，才是到了
淮河，有淮河的韵律
大别山，有大别山的音符
农田里，是耕耘者
森林里，是自然的生灵
都召唤春天的一抹色彩
而他，是整个春天的全部
他行走着，就是春色旅途

他从六安的农村走来，走出了安庆的春天
那安庆的春天里
那安庆的春暖花开里，有我啊
我期待着安庆能有我的春天
但不知道，何时会有花儿开
那花儿，不求有多么的艳丽
即使，只有一缕淡淡的馨香，能告诉我
虽不起眼，但这是属于我的春天
这春天啊，从六安，终于走来





Anqing, Anqing 027

Di Bai

O! Spring, the spring of Lu'an
a most colorful season with him the most blazing one
Spring comes only when he is here
Huai river makes her rhythm
Ta-pieh Mountains plays his note
Farmers plough in the fields
Deep in the forest are the creatures
calling for the colors of the spring
while he is the whole of spring
He walks and walks, setting out on a journey to spring

Walking out from the countryside of Lu'an, he walks
into the spring of Lu'an in which there
in the blooming warm spring is me
who anticipate a spring for me in the place
but I don't know when the flowers would bloom
I don't expect the flowers to be very beautiful
Even there is just a trail of faint scent that can tell me
it would be my spring, hard to notice as it may be
It finally come to me from Lu'an

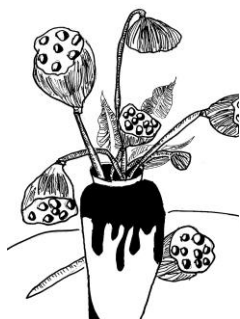
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 82 期)

安庆，安庆 028

迪拜

他走来了，带来了六安春天
带来了安庆春天，我于是走去
在安庆，在我和他的安庆
春风摇摇吹起，春色不必满园
春色，早已连接了天空，连接了大地
从大别山到淮河，越过农田，越过林木
越过了飞翔的鸟儿，越过了随处的一片笑语
春色之大，满于他的胸怀
春色之柔，润于他的掌心
昨夜，今晨都依依在我的肩头

春天，本是一种寻求，一种仰望
多少人，一意寻找，孜孜以倦
多少事，在春意起落中，阑珊
世间的春天，非难，不过流转
人事的春意，却造了多少悲欢
自然的春花，落了，轮回后再来
人事的离意，总是，无限怅惘
多愿意，一场春酣痛快续黎明
求只求，一线春光能为我驻留





Anqing, Anqing 028

Di Bai

Here he comes, bringing with him the spring of Lu'an
and the spring of Anqing, thus I go
to Anqing, a place of mine and his
The spring breeze wafts while spring is still young
connecting already with the sky and the earth from Dabie
Mount to Huai River, flying past farm and wood
and the birds in flight and laughter audible everywhere
So immense is spring that his heart is brimming with it
So tender is spring that his palm is moistened by it
All through last night till this morning he was beside me

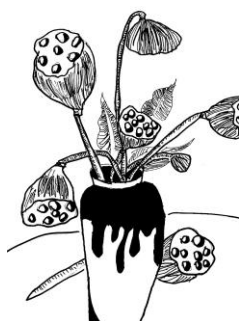
Spring could have been a pursuit or an aspiration
So many people are devoted and unswerving to find it
So many things get blurry in the birth and death of spring
All the reproof and the worldly spring just come and go
The spring-like emotion of man, however
creates so much sorrow and merry
The spring blossoms wilt and out in transmigration while
People always plunge into immense depression in departure
How I wish that a sound sleep follows the dawn
and that a beam of sunlight would stay there for me

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 82 期)

纪念币

木樨颜

收到一枚装在蓝色小盒子里的纪念币
盒子上印写着不知哪个国家的言语
纪念币是为纪念的，纪念曾经到过的地方
以志纪念的应该是亲自去过那地方的人
而我却拿到了这枚对我而言没有任何纪念
意义的纪念币。纪念者的纪念承载了上去
又承载着转赠者的意义寄托在了我的手上
成为我以此赠送而生的纪念意义
纪念币纪念了好多人和好多意义
每一个意义叠加都成了现在和过去





Commemorative Coin

BOY

I'm given a commemorative coin lying in a small blue box
On which the language of an unknown country is printed
It's a souvenir to remind the owner of where he had been to
So it should be the owner who keeps the coin as a keepsake
But I, who have nothing to commemorate, have taken
Possession of the commemorative coin.

The owner's memory is committed
To the coin before it's committed, with the giver's memory
To me, making the coin commemorative again
for its' being given to me
The coin is for the memory of many people and meanings
And every meaning is stacked up into the present and the past

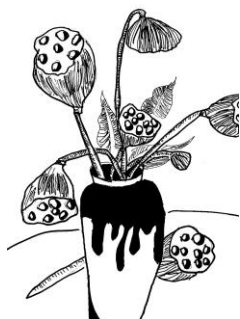
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

药镜

王德席

在那烛光四起破碎的镜片里
小心地捡起
那些炊烟、牛哞、狗吠、蛙鸣、雁声和芦苇、桑葚
风声、雨声、读书声
或有影像的碎片割破我的手
我依然把它们拼接、集聚
让我那双茫然无辜的眼睛流下的泪水
不，这是在白茫茫的爱中
梦见露水，梦见故乡的证词

以心为境，以药为证，以史为鉴
心痛的爱着，就像
我从没有抛弃过上帝
花开旷野的山河
一瓣一瓣数着自己
我让她们一朵一朵有个家
今夜，又被月亮咬了一口





Wang Dexi

In the broken mirror forth burst the candle lights
Those cooking smoke, cow mooing, dog barking, frog
croaking, wild goose singing
And reed and mulberry and wind and rain and reading
Are carefully picked up
Some of the broken pieces with reflective images cut my
hand. I still collect them and piece them together
And let my vacant eyes shed innocent tears
No! This is my dreaming of the dew and the testimony of
homeland in the blank and misty love

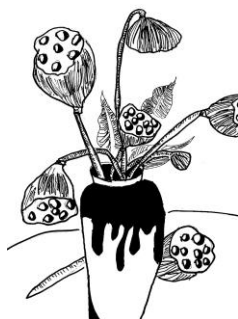
Take heart as realm, medicine testimony, history a mirror
Love in pain, just like
I had never abandoned God
The mountains and rivers brimming with flowers
Are counting themselves petal after petal
With which I make them each a home
Tonight, I am bitten by the moon yet again

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

塔里木（外一首）

迪拜

塔里木，塔里木，玫瑰又红，玫瑰了天涯
戈壁滩，新荡漾，青春千里，青春了太阳





Tarim (and another poem)

Di Bai

Tarim, Tarim, your roses are blooming
reddening everything
Gobi Desert, new wave rippling, so youthful
youthening the sun

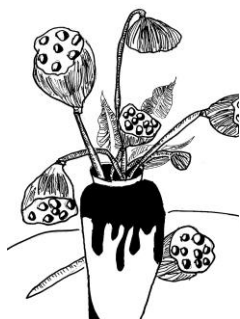
（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

准噶尔

迪拜

玫瑰绽放在准噶尔，大漠就鲜艳了火焰
玫瑰玫瑰了准噶尔，美丽更美丽瀚海间

千年辽阔一朝相许，太阳的花儿多祝愿
问谁才能舍心离去，那要寻找美丽的人





Junggar

Di Bai

Roses blooming in Junggar, the great desert blazes with fire
Roses reddening Junggar, grander and grander becomes
the desert

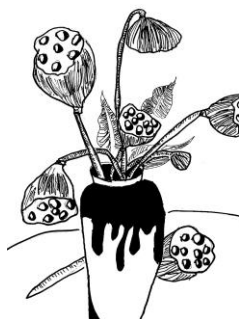
A thousand years' vastness is betrothed in a day.
The sun's flowers pray.
Who can bear to leave the one that strives to seek beauty?

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

命（外二首）

左右

我挖了一个坑。挖了一会儿
看着它
又把它埋上。我为命运埋下的纸钱
没有人会知道





Fate (and another two poems)

Zuo You

I dug a pit. I had been digging it for a while
Then I looked at it
and filled it again. No one knows
what I buried for my fate

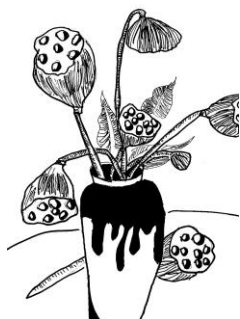
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期)

床前明月光

左右

月亮是天空赤露的锁骨
掉在夜布上的窟窿

就如同，我身体里隐秘的叫兽
我是这个时代的伤口
一把不能开口说话的刀
在每一个白天，它用时光
刮开我洁白的齿





Moonlight Before the Bed

Zuo You

The moon is a hole made by
the dropping of a bare collarbone of the sky

Just like a roaring animal hiding deep inside me
I am a wound of this epoch
A knife who cannot speak
scrapes open my bright teeth
with time during every day

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

秘密

左右

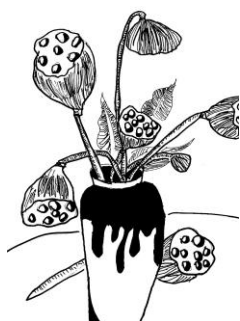
那些死去的人
实际上他们还隐秘地活着

自从我知道了他们的名字
他们就一直跟着我

天还没亮，我就看到了他们
我赶上去，欢喜地看见很多星星被划来划去
变成火柴

他们划了一根
又点了一根。香烟在树上慢悠悠地吸着

他们跟我说了几句话就不见了





Secret

Zuo You

Those dead people
they actually are still alive secretly

Ever since I knew their names
they had been following me

Long before daybreak, I saw them
So I hurried up, finding happily so many stars flying
and changing into matches

They strike matches one after
another. The cigarettes burning casually on the tree

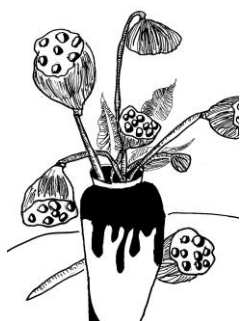
They talked a few words with me and then vanished away

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

黄河 01（外一首）

木樨颜

眼睛触到这两个字就飞进了奔腾的颜色
耳朵嗅到这两个字就鼓噪起咆哮的声音
一万头受了惊的奔牛或天马
一头巨狮竖起了愤怒的鬃毛
一道决了堤的天上洪





Yellow River 01 (and another poem)

BOY

On seeing the word, the galloping color is already flying
into the eyes

On hearing the word, the roaring sound is already
deafening the ears

Ten thousand frightened bulls or horses are running

A giant lion is holding up high his furious mane

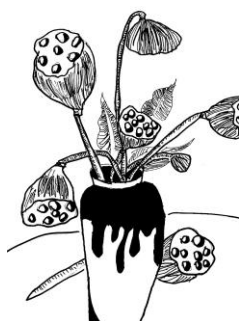
A deluge of water from sky is downpouring

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期)

黄河 02

木樨颜

也不总是奔腾淘尽黄土红沙
也不总是平静催眠岸柳戏鸥
我是黄河孕育出的华夏子孙
风光过后，我站在壶口向下纵身一跃
从澎湃的泥沙里翻滚，粉碎我的泥土之身
然后我归于黄土红沙的齏粉
从流飘荡，不时地抬起头来看岸上
那些杨柳鸥鹭。我沉积，也许
最后又归于平静，长眠于河床厚土
托起奔腾激荡的黄河





Yellow River 02

BOY

She is not always surging
rolling down the yellow dirt and red sand
She is not always peaceful
easing the willows and birds along the bank
I am one of the Chinese descendants
born and raised by the Yellow River
After my sightseeing, I stand
by the Hukou waterfall and make a free leap
In an upsurge of silt, I'd toss and tumble
breaking my body of dirt
before returning to the fine powder
of the yellow dirt and red sand
Then I'd go with it, lifting up my head at times to see
the willows and birds by the bank. Gradually I'd settle down
and turn peaceful again and, sleep long on the thick riverbed
lifting up the surging and roaring river in return

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期)

致海子

陈润言

黑夜的孩子流淌着黑色的血液
裤腿上沾着黑色的泥土
热爱夕阳，热爱空虚和死亡

十根指尖十滴海水
我嘴角咸咸的泪水是你灵魂的残片
我张开的双臂要拥抱的是你眼中的大海
在世俗中渴望依偎
在自我中向往孤独，极端的解脱
我也无法面对自己的身体
无心回忆把我陷入泥潭的经历
我是黑夜的孩子，土地的孩子，大海的孩子，和你一样

滚泥是无形铡刀
我要让它沾上海水
生命是孤独灵魂的尖锥
我要让它走过真实的悬崖





To Hai Zi

Chen Runyan

The child of black night bleeds black
While his trouser legs are stained with black mud
He loves dusk, void and death

Ten fingertips, ten drops of sea water
The salty tears on my lips are the remains of your soul
What my opening arms aim to embrace is the ocean in
your eyes
I yearn for somewhere to nestle in the mundaneness
In my ego I seek extreme freedom from solitude
I cannot face my body anymore, neither
Do I intend to recall the memories of sinking into mire
I am the child of black night, land and ocean, same as you

Rolling mud is an invisible chopper
I want it to be splashed by sea water
Life is the sharp awl of a lonely soul
I want it to ascend and descend true cliff

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期)

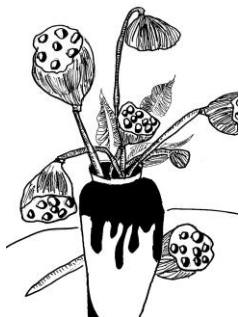
一辆开往秋天的绿皮车

谭凤

这是一辆绿皮车
绿吗？真绿
是一片生机勃勃的绿

我怀着绿的梦，上了车
我期待着车开往春绿
走着——
走着——
我看到了黄叶
我遇到了秋风
我面前是一潭死水
——死水上的是白肚鱼
我遇到的是黄昏
——是黄昏和满月的擦肩而过
——是失去
——是死亡
——是分散

我坐的不是一辆绿皮车吗
为什么我到达的却是秋天





A Green Train to Autumn

Tan Feng

This is a green train
Is it green? Sure it is
It is a lush and live green

With a green dream I get on it
Expecting it to head for spring green
On it, however
While I am on it
I see yellow leaves
I run into autumn wind
Ahead of me is a pool of dead water
On which float fish with white belly
What I run into is dusk—an encounter
between the dusk and a full moon
—a lost
—a death
—a departure

Am I on a green train?
How come I am reaching autumn

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期)

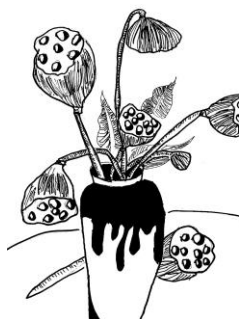
所谓离别

高仁斌

和当年的李白王维他们比起来
离别的形式显然已经变了。变成了一种形式主义

我们离别的时候没有酒杯，也没有舞蹈和歌谣
还好我们通过微信说了声再见

可很多时候，再见总是会落空
就像生与死，近得只有一步之遥
但谁也不愿意，向前靠那一步





The So-called Departure

Gao Renbin

Comparing to Li Bai and Wang Wei of that age
Departure takes an obviously different form. A Formalism

When we departed, there is no wine, dance or song
We just said “see you” through Wechat

But always we would not see each other again
Just like death and life, only a step away

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 88 期）

雨天的瞳(外两首)

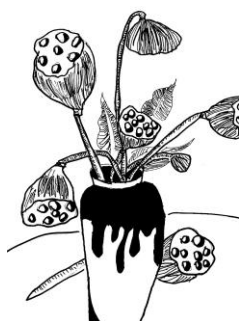
薛武

踏着湿漉漉的大地
仿若养了两只淘气的猫咪

粘乎乎的
从头顶到脚底

抖落不了江南烟雨
就像耳边柔柔的故事

深邃的蓝色心空
它就这样单纯地看着我
和你





Pupil in the Rain
(and other two poems)

Xue Wu

Stepping on the ground wet
is like keeping two naughty kitties

Sticky,
From head to foot

No shaking off the mist and mizzle
in the South of Changjiang River
Soft stories whisper in the ear

It is looking at me and you just like this
From the deep azure skies

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期)

看海的鸥

薛武

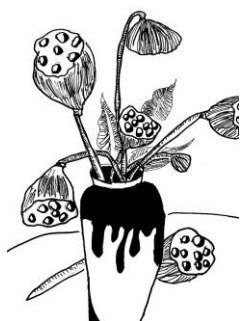
海鸥看着大海
就像荣格看着弗诺伊德

看着鱼儿很像
千年的回忆碎片

梦里有桥梁
从灵魂到肉体

石头推着影子
浪向大海深处

张开凝缩或者移置的鳍
飞吧 历史





Seagull Observing the Sea

Xue Wu

Seagull observing the sea
Is like Jung observing Freud

Fishes are quite like fragments
From thousands of years' memories

There are in the dreams bridges
From soul to body

The rocks pushing the shadows
Wave towards the depth of the sea

Ah, history! Fly!
Unfolding condensed or displaced dings

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期)

思乡

薛武

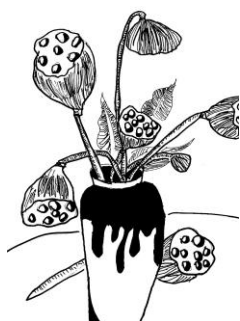
推开夕阳的窗户
看到十字
和尖顶的教堂

低矮的平房
空荡荡

时间拖走寂寞的它们
如同一张张吱吱嘎嘎的床

太阳回家了
没有一丝灯光

天使耷拉着脑袋
思乡





Homesickness

Xue Wu

Pushing open the glowing window
I see a cross
And a church steeple

Low bungalows
Seem bare and empty

Time is pulling away their loneliness
One by one like a creaky bed

The sun is going back home
With not a single beam of light

The angel is drooping his head
Missing his home

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期)

关于译者

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等 40 余种，曾获 2016 年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

任雨欣，山东济南人，山东政法学院英语学士，中国石油大学翻译硕士在读研究生。通过专八，国家三级笔译。曾获 2020 全国大学生英语竞赛二等奖、校级优秀共青团干部等荣誉奖励。参编有《中国古典诗歌精选精译》，参译诗集《诗之光》。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

Ren Yuxin, born in Jinan, Shandong Province, has got a bachelor of Shandong University of Political Science and Law and now is studying for a master's degree in Translation and Interpreting at China University of Petroleum. She passed the TEM-8 certification, CATTI level 3, and won the second prize in the "National English Contest of College Students" in 2020 and "Outstanding Cadres of the Communist Youth League" for several times. She participated in the compilation of *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and participated in the translation of the poetry anthology *Muse of Light*.

编 后 记

POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 75-89 期的译诗，共 14 位诗人的 60 首新诗。

由于出版模式与传统不同，本书的编排并未经过出版社方面的参与，而是由同时担任出版策划的木樨颜联系编者，负责书籍的封面设计，而正文排版则交由担任每册诗集的主编副主编等人，整个过程事无巨细都由图书责任方执行，出版方只是将符合要求的定稿提交出版系统审核。因此，出版前的各项工作可谓繁杂，虽然本书排版前后花费不过两周时间，但此前半年时间都是在对木樨颜所发表的诗歌进行分类整理。期间，我们两位编者就本书排版、译诗风格、原诗译诗语句字词等问题与木樨颜进行了大量沟通，以确保所选诗歌和译诗没有明显的问题。

诗歌翻译必须精益求精、字斟句酌，对每一个字词都要仔细推敲，这是身为译者的职业素养，却也是编者的责任之一。比如，编写过程中我们对译者本人所作《黄河》一诗译文中“deafen”一词的时态问题进行了讨论，到底是现在完成时“has deafened”还是使用现在进行时“is deafening”。最后为了保证上下文一致，保证读者阅读的流畅性，采用现在完成时“is deafening”。诗歌翻译中的时态作为诗歌的重要部分，英语诗歌中的时间可以通过动词时态上的曲折变

化来明确表现出来，但在汉语中并没有时态的明确规定，对于不同的时态所表现的诗歌意境也有所不同。我们编者就此提出自己的理解，最后译者同意我们的修正，这既是我们的职责，也是译者对翻译事业极大尊重的表现。

选编过程中，给令我印象最深刻的已故新加坡诗人史英所写的《乡愁》组诗，特别是其中的《民族认同感已锐变》，结合最近发生的俄乌战争，不由得心生感触。处于世界百年未有之大变局的今天，中美两国关系紧张，邻国也虎视眈眈，不少谣言也甚嚣尘上，作为普通人的我们能够做些什么，又如何辨别信息虚实？也许现在编写《雾》，通过这些小诗拨开国际迷局，将更多中国的文化、习俗、观念等意识形态外宣，能够让更多外国人了解到中国。也许是微不足道的努力，但是像我们这样数不清渺小的人物共同努力，也能够做出一丝改变。

编写过程中也一并修改了原诗中个别字词的误用以及译诗中出现的少量拼写语法错误，但仍难以保证毫无纰漏，希望读者们批评指正。

编者

